The Daily Gazetteer.

NUMB. 2492

FRIDAY, JUNE 17. 1743.

Ratisbon, June 13.

IT is inconceivable what Miſchiefs the French have done in their Retreat, and how unworthily they have broke their Faith to all Sorts of Perſons. Every Body knows, that in the beginning of the Spring they muſt have been ſtarved, but for the Supplies brought them by the Danube, and from the adjacent Country by Land Carriage; to procure which Supplies, their Generals made the faireſt and moſt ſolemn Promiſes in the World, notwithſtanding which, there are large Sums of Money due for Corn and Forage; and when they quitted Weix, they ſunk all the ſmall Craft that had brought them Proviſion, and having brought all the Carriages together, made uſe of them to burn the Bridge; which has abſolutely ruined all that Sort of People in Bavaria that were not ruined before. This provok'd the Inhabitants to ſuch a Degree, that they did them all the Miſchief they could in their Retreat; and gave the Huſſars ſuch Intelligence, as engaged them to forbear plundering. It is not eaſy to conceive what Meaſures M. Broglio will take. Kelheim is already in the Hands of the Auſtrians, tho' a very well fortified Place; and it ſeems to be not a little doubtful, whether the Imperialiſts are quite ſo well diſpoſed towards the French as formerly. It is commonly ſaid here, that the Cite of Prague and Egra made the French Officers, as well as Soldiers, afraid to maintain any of their Poſts.

Frankfort, June 17. The Detachment ſent towards Bavaria conſiſts of no more than 9 Squadrons and 15 Battalions, making in the whole 6225 Men, notwithſtanding all the different Reports that have been ſpread about it. They are to march with all Expedition to Nordlingen, and there they are to halt till farther Orders; which, it is ſaid, have been ſent them to rejoin the Army; there being no Reaſon to believe, that ſince they muſt march without Baggage or Artillery, they would be of any great Uſe to Marſhal Broglio, who, it is ſuppos'd, will endeavour to ſecure himſelf at Donawert, till he can be brought off. The Empreſs does not propoſe to ſtir from hence till the latter End of this Month, or the Beginning of next. There is a Courier juſt now arriv'd from M. Vincent, Reſident from the French Court at Vienna, and now attending her Hungarian Majeſty at Prague. He is in great Want of Money to pay the Subſiſtence of the French Officers and Soldiers, Priſoners in Auſtria, who, if the Arrears of their Maintenance be not ſhortly paid, will be ſent into Hungary. We expect here his Britannick Majeſty on the 20th, the neceſſary Preparations being made for his Reception. According to all Appearance, the Troops will enter upon Action as ſoon as he comes; at leaſt this is the Opinion that prevails, not only in the Auxiliary Camp, but in that of the French, where they are ſending away their heavy Baggage, as if they were on the Eve of a Battle.

Paris, June 22. It is thought our Court is more inclined to War than it was lately, and that the preſent Deſign is to recall our Troops out of Bavaria, and to employ them in other Places, where they may gall our Enemies more, and coſt us leſs. It is reported, that Marſhal Belleiſle will be ſhortly ſent to Augsbourg, in order to engage the Emperor to give his Conſent to a new Scheme of Operation, which will open, as is given out, with the Siege of Luxemberg. We likewiſe flatter ourſelves once more with having drawn over the King of Pruſſia to our Intereſts, but we ſeem to loſe Ground in Spain, where, ever ſince the Time of Alberoni's Miniſtry, there has been conſtantly a ſtrong Party againſt us, to which the preſent Prime Miniſter ſhewed himſelf formerly much inclined. It is now certain, notwithſtanding all that has been given out to the contrary at Verſailles, that his Sardinian Majeſty has abſolutely refuſed the Offers of Spain; which we have Reaſon to believe, were no leſs than the whole Duchy of Milan, and its Dependancies, on certain Conditions, of which the yielding the Duchy of Savoy to this Crown is thought to be one.

To the AUTHOR, &c.

SIR,

THE following *Imitation*, rather than *Tranſlation*, of one of the nobleſt Odes of *Horace*, is the laſt of the three Specimens I proms'd you *, whereby the Letter to explain my Meaning in the *third Diſtinction*, mention'd in my former Letters. The Names, and Accidents, are chang'd, from the *Italian*, to the *Engliſh*-Likeneſs. But the *Parallel*, I fear, will run, too *viſible* to need Apology, for that ſmall Deviation from the *Roman* Author. It were well if you cou'd think I ſtand not in more need of One, for my adventuring at all on *Horace*, than for the Freedom taken to adapt him to *our preſent State of* FAITH, by

SIR, your (if ſo)

too obedient, humble Servant

CORINNA.

* *See the* Gazetteer *of* May 27, *and* June 3.

HOR. Ode 6. Lib. III. — *Ad Romanos.*

Imitated in *Engliſh.*

I.

Guilty, or not, of your Forefather's *Crimes*,
Yours, will their *Vengeance* be, with added Weight,
Unleſs, blind *Britons!* you un-curſe the *Times*;
And *cleanſe* th' infected State.
O! be but, firſt, *devout* — and, then, be *great.*
Ask ye, *whence*, this threaten'd Fate? —
Waſh the *dumb Tear*, from ſtain'd RELIGION's Face!
Eaſe low-fall'n *Faith*'s impolitic *Diſgrace*;
And, from the Brow of *arguing Mirth*, — all light
[*Irrev'rence*, chaſe.

II.

Th' *Enthuſiaſt*'s wild-reforming Rage, tis true,
Tis fit, your *Scorn* purſue,
And haughty *hypocritic Rancour*, too.
Faith's *Powers deſpotic*, by the *Spirit*'s Right!
Anointed Hoards, of *conſecrated Spight!*
Theſe, for due Reſtraint, may call,
But, let not *juſt*, alike, with *unjuſt*, fall:
Better, ſome *Doubts*, in Cuſtom's *Creed* — than *no Belief*
[*at all.*
Faith, wrong or right, to *Reaſon*, owes her Place.
Faith, the cool Guide, in Paſſion's firy Race!
Faith, the ſole *Shaker*, of the *Public Heart!*
Faith, — that, were her Force but ART,
Gets, at leaſt, of Vice, the *Start:*
Awes humbled Conſcience, into *Fear* — and heals
[Affliction's Smart.

III.

Silenc'd now, the Pulſe Divine
Creeps, in low, and languid, Beat,
Huſh'd, beneath licentious Pride,
Soft, and threddy, — tow'ard *Retreat.*
Timely, *ſtop* the ebbing Tide:
Er'e Virtue's *drowthy Famine* ſpreads, too wide.
Order's un-impreſſive Eye
Sees Devotion's Fervor *die:*
Sees the Brow of Peace *decline*;
Sees *Confuſion*'s lifted *Sign.*
Sees, — with bow'd and yielded Neck, —
Sin's broad Edge, too ſharp, to *check.*
Where, O ye *Britons!* are your once-fam'd Boaſts?
Where the fall'n Work, of your Forefather's Hand?
Where thoſe proud *Mounds*, that cou'd exempted ſtand,
While *Taxe*'s wild and cov'ering *Flood* — o'erwhelm'd
[each neighb'ring Land?
See! how *chang'd*, your low'ring *Stars!*
Ghaſtly begrimm'd, with *Debt*'s enduring *Scars*,
(Pale, 'twixt a Troop, of Freedom's frighten'd *Ghoſts*)
Faction, with ſullen Gloom, ſtalks round your Coaſts!
At home, impatient *Conteſt* jars;
While, from abroad, bleak Storms, of menac'd *Wars*,
Shake you, with diſtant Sounds, of marching Hoſts!
Depredation, lewdly free,
Stems your met *Sovereign*, on her *raviſh'd Sea!*
Commerce, that cloathes the World, is naked ſtript:
And way-lay'd *Traffick*, for bold *Plund'rers*, ſhipt!
By Foes inſulted, and by Friends betray'd,
Honour, Art, and Truth, and Trade,
Sink, in Corruption's muddy Stream — and cry, in vain,
[for *Aid!*

IV.

Think, from what *Fountain*, All theſe Evils flow.
To *Hea'ven*, our Lights — to *Heaven*, our Shades,
[we owe.
Whence — if not from *Hea'ven provok'd*,
Cou'd that cold *Scorn*, of *Love*'s warm Influence,
[grow,
Which Sex, from Sexe's Power, un-yok'd,
And *ſnapt* dejected *Cupid*'s uſeleſs *Bow?*
Man is tall'n — good Heav'ns! how *low!*
And *Woman* will not Woman's Int'reſt know!
Light, as Air that fans her Breaſt,
She flys from *Pain*, yet ſhuns the Paths to *Reſt!*
Fantaſtick *Folly*, here, her Face *diſarms:*
And, there, groſs *Guilt*, be-fables all her Charms. —
Shameleſs, and looſe, *One*, hides her blaſted Head,
Not from her Crime, but it's *Detection* fled:
Exil'd, for Treaſon, to the Nuptial Bed.
This, with hardier Front endue'd,
Ugily *Safe*, from *Fear* to be purſue'd,
Thinks herſelf *chaſt* — becauſe *un-woo'd:*
Boaſts her contracted Continence, for *Fame* —
Yet, coarſe at Heart, as *Drury*'s readieſt Dame,
While but One Species She, of Lewdneſs, ſhuns,
Rankly, to *Card*'s dry Fornication, runs.
Alike *inſatiate*, Theſe, in *groſs Deſire!*
But Thine, proud *Punta*, far, the *ſmoakieſt* Fire!
A Game, more mean, Thy dirtier Falſehood plays:
And, for a *leſs Temptation*, baſelier, ſtrays.
Charmleſs Luſt thy Heart betrays!
Cheating Nights, and fretful Days!
Heedleſs, of Parent, Husband, Child, or Name,
Ungiving Comfort, and unfeeling Shame!
With Limbs too fierce for Love, thou ſcrap'ſt for *Scorn!*
A *make-weight* Shuffler, for *four Aces*, born!

V.

Twas not from coarſe-claw'd Mothers, ſuch as *Theſe*,
Britain's brave, love-begotten *Conqu'rors* ſprung.
No pert, Soul-ſhotten, weaz'ly Croplings, *then*,
Ambling in Whalebone, paſs'd, with Maids, for *Men.*
No *paſt-pate* Sniv'ler, *Ope'ra Marches* ſung:
No nerveleſs Sprouts of Luxury, and Eaſe,
From *Gallia's Graſp*, conteſted Kingdoms *wrung.*
Far *Other* Youth her bloodſtain'd Standards bore,
When *plow'd* Oppreſſion on her *fallo'wy* Shore,
Saw *Edward's dreadful Son*, hard-harro'wing *Spain*,
Root up the *Tyrant*'s weedy Growth — and *plant his*
[*Rival's Reign.*
No ſuffe'ring Patience, *then*, heard Wrongs complain:
No kindling Nations call'd for War, *in vain.*
Swift, in the charg'd Inſulter's hoſtile Heart,
Plunging a vengeful, and *permitted* Sword,
Aſſerted *Right* diſdain'd the Treater's Art:
And no tame fruitleſs *Paper Thunders* roar'd.

VI.

Twas to no Heirs of *Carders*, or *Coquettes*,
We ow'd *That Race renown'd!*
Twas to no tune-trill'd Flirts, that feel *cold Sweats*,
And *die* — beneath the Trumpet's *dreaded* Sound.
Twas to no fribbling, trebbling, ſqueaking Tribe,
Whoſe *Ears* pip'd *Eunuch*'s plaintive Whines, imbibe.
Twas to ſtrong Shoots of *unaffected Joy.*
Nymphs whoſe plain Taſte could Paſſion's Pow'er
[employ;
Yet ſcorn'd to let it Reaſon's Rights, deſtroy.
Theirs were the Sons, of *lov'd*, and *lovely*, Wives:
Born, for bold and manly Lives!
Youths, who the Fields of *Death*, untrembling, trod:
Calm, as, at home, they turn'd the *ſtubborn Clod!*
Yet, bow'd they, conſcious of their *heav'enly Guide*,
Nor, faſhionably bluſh'd, to *fear their* GOD:
Fearleſs howe're, to Every Power, beſide;
They humbled *Inſult* — and up-rooted *Pride:*
Scatt'ring the Terror of their Country's Name;
And, call'd to *Triumphs*, whereſoe're they came.

VII.

Alter'd now, alas! behold
Times, untracing Times of old!
Feebler far, and frailer too,
Our Fathers, than *their* Fathers, grew
Yet, ſtill, *ſome* Senſe of Honour, felt: — and, ſtill, *ſome*
[Greatneſs, knew.
We, ſcorning Greatneſs, humbly *downward* drew,
Deſcendants, in the Word's *profoundeſt* View!
Prompt, at pacific *Brib'ry*'s Call, *we* came,
To *joke* at Honour; and to laugh down Fame:
Wealth, and *Penſion*, All *our* Aim!
Want, the ſole Road, that leads to *Shame!*
Let the *Poor* fight — the Rich have *nobler* Claim.
There's but *One* dang'rous Foe, *we* war, to tame:
And *Conſcience* is his Name.
Theſe are the Taſtes, wherein we joy to dwell!
What our wiſe *Sons* may prove, 'tis hard, to tell:
But Ev'ery Thing, no doubt, will ſoon *go well*,
If They *their* Sires, as We did *Ours*, excell!

HOME PORTS.

Dover, June 15. Wind S. W. Arrived the Charles, Teage, from Virginia; and the Chaſing Prize, from North Carolina. Came in the Lanſanna, Weſt, from Carolina, for this Port.

Deal, June 15 Wind S. S. E. Put back last Night, and sailed this Morning, with the Squirrel, the Ferret Bomb for Portſmouth; the Francis, Warren, for Lisbon; the William, Coutaneh, for Jerſey; and the Iſaac and Elizabeth, Mathews, for Portſmouth. Arrived the Grenado Bomb, from a Cruize; and the Claremont, Pearcy, from Briſtol. Juſt come down, the Golden Eagle, Hanton, for Cork. Juſt arrived, the Greyhound Man of War from a Cruize.

Graveſend, June 15. Paſſed by the Clarendon, Cropton, and the Parnaſſus, Johnſon, both from Jamaica; the Liberty, Halfknight, and the Mary and Margaret, Hammond, both from Dunkirk; the Mary, Bown, from Zant; the Flying Mercury, Pahl, from Hamburgh; and the Elizabeth, Naſtell, for Guernſey.

Arrived

At Jamaica, the James, Tatnal, from London.

At Mahone, the Swift, Kemp, from ditto.

In the River, the Happy Return, Smithies, from Petersburgh; and the Jacob and Margaret, Barwick, from Bilbao.

LONDON.

On Tueſday laſt Elizabeth Hoare was committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell by Anthony Wroth, Eſq; for robbing her Lodgings of the Furniture, and other Things of Value.

Yeſterday Morning, between Two and Three o'Clock, a Fire broke out in the Houſe of Mr. Payce, a Tea-Shop, in St. Martin's Lane, Charing-Croſs, which conſumed the ſame, with the ſix Houſes in Prince's Court, and the Houſe of Mr. Simpſon, a Perriwig Maker the Corner of the ſaid Court.

The Wages due to ſuch of the Companies of the Pearl, Portland, Sheerneſs, Royal Eſcape, Prince Royal, Hoſpital, Phaeton Fire Ship, Lightning Bomb, Shoreham, Lenox, Strafford, Defiance, and Peregrine, as are remov'd into other Ships at Chatham, are order'd to be paid off there.

Private Letters adviſe, that Mr. Smith, Lieutenant of his Majeſty's Ship the Lively, one of Commodore Knowles's Squadron, had his Head taken off at the Attack of La Guerra.

The Captain, a 70 Gun Ship lately launched, is Man'd and Victual'd at Woolwich, and has taken in her Guns, in order for Channel Service.

Yeſterday a Court of Common Council was held, when it was agreed to admit of the Fines from the Gentlemen who have been drank to by the preſent Lord Mayor for Sheriffs of this City.

The Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor has preſented the Rev. Mr. Jonathan Peak to the Vicarage of Dronfield in the County of Derby, and Dioceſe of Litchfield and Coventry.

Laſt Tueſday a noted Attorney was committed to the King's Bench Priſon by the Judges of that Court, for male Practice.

Yeſterday Morning, about Five o'Clock, died at his Seat at Cheſterton, in Oxfordſhire, the Right Honourable Montague Venables Bertie, Earl of Abington, and Baron Norris of Rycote.

His Lordſhip married Anne, Daughter and ſole Heir to Peter Venables, frequently called Baron of Kinderton, in the County of Cheſter, by whom he had one Son, born in 1717, who died the ſame Year of the Small Pox.

His Lordſhip dying without Iſſue, his Honour and Eſtate devolves to the Eldeſt Son of —— Bertie, Eſq; who was Knight of the Shire for the County of Middleſex in ſeveral Parliaments.

Caſualties, Chriſtnings, and Burials, laſt Week.

Drowned, 3. Overlaid, 1.

Chriſtned	Males——119	Buried	Males——160
	Females—125		Females—180
	In all——244		In all——340

Decreaſed in the Burials this Week, 70.

Whereof have died,

Under two Years old,	122	Forty and Fifty,	35
Between two and Five,	32	Fifty and Sixty,	21
Five and Ten,	17	Sixty and Seventy,	25
Ten and Twenty,	16	Seventy and Eighty,	14
Twenty and Thirty,	24	Eighty and Ninety,	4
Thirty and Forty,	38	Ninety and a Hundred	2

High Water this Day at London-Bridge.	Morning	06	51	Evening	07	15

Bank Stock, 148. India, 194 3-4ths to 195. South Sea, 114 3-4ths to 115. Old Annuity, 115 1-4th to 3-8ths. New ditto, Books ſhut. Three per Cent. Annuities, 104 1-4th to 1-half. Ditto 1743, 103 1-4th to 3 8ths. Seven per Cent. Loan, 119 3-4ths to 120. Five per Cent. ditto, 78 1-half to 5-8ths. Royal Aſſurance, 83. London Aſſurance, 11 7-8ths. India Bonds, 4 l. 7 s. Premium. Bank Circulation, 5 l. 7 s. 6 d. Prem. Salt Tallies, 103. Three-1-half per Cent. Exchequer Orders, 105. Three per Cent. ditto, 99 1-half. Million Bank, 118. Equivalent, 111. Lottery Tickets, 11 l. 14 s.

Admiralty-Office, June 15, 1743.

THE *Leave of Abſence given to the Petty Officers and Foremaſt-men belonging to his Majeſty's Ship the* Strafford, *who were ordered to be turned over, one Half into the* Prince of Orange *at Chatham, and the other Half into the* Berwick *at Deptford, being expired, it is the Direction of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that they do immediately repair on board thoſe Ships, which are put into Commiſſion, on Penalty not only of loſing the Wages due to them in the* Strafford, *but of being apprehended, and tried as Deſerters.*

Tho. Corbett.

STATE LOTTERY TICKETS, 1743, Bought and Sold by THOMAS COX, under the Royal-Exchange. Who has kept an Office above Twenty Years,

Where every Kind of Buſineſs, relating to the Lottery, is tranſacted with the utmoſt Exactneſs and Fidelity.

Chances ſold, and Tickets divided into Halves, Quarters, Eighths, and Sixteenths.

Tickets Regiſter'd, and in Time of Drawing Examin'd and daily Inſur'd from Blanks.

Whatever other Method of ſelling Tickets or Chances ſhall be practis'd, as more acceptable to the Purchaſer, the ſame will alſo be done at the ſaid Office.

Letters, Poſt paid, will be duly anſwer'd.

Schemes Gratis, both French and Engliſh.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed,

(Price One Shilling)

Number LXIX. *Being the* XIIth *Number of* Vol. II.

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THE Virtues of this YELLOW OINTMENT, or GOLDEN UNGUENT (amongſt others) are theſe, viz. It is moſt excellent in the Cure of all ruby Faces; it takes out ſpeedily all Manner of Pimples, and makes the Skin ſmooth. It likewiſe takes away all Freckles in the Face. This OINTMENT infallibly cures and takes away all Carbuncles, Scabs, Scurf, and other Deformities of the Skin; it alſo cures (or rather deſtroys) Tetters and Ringworms of all Sorts; Shingles, and the Itch, let it be never ſo inveterate. And whereas ſome may think, or conclude, becauſe it is an exterior Medicine, it may ſtrike in the peccant Humour, and thereby the Remedy become worſe than the Diſeaſe: I do affirm, that this GOLDEN UNGUENT is ſo order'd and prepar'd, that it firſt draws out the venomous Humour, and in a ſhort time after heals the Part afflicted, to Admiration. Indeed, for the firſt three or four times anointing, 'twill ſeem much worſe than at firſt, but after that you will find its Operation to Satisfaction.

This OINTMENT is made up in Gallipots, ſealed with a Falcon, and will hold good at leaſt Seven Years. The Price of each Pot is One Shilling and Sixpence, and is continued to be Sold at the following Places (where you may have it pure and no ways adulterated) viz. Mrs. Markham's, at the Seven Stars facing St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; Mrs. Garraway's, at the Royal Exchange Gate, Cornhill; Mr. Seth Ayling, at the Riſing Sun the Lower End of the Minories, Haberdaſher of Small Wares; Mr Davis, Breeches-maker, in Piccadilly, next Door to the Three Kings; Mr. Beverly, about the Middle of King's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, a China-ſhop; Mr. Dumbleton, Baker, in Stanhope ſtreet near Clare-market; Mrs. Sarah Rogers, a Perfumer, at the Civet Cat in the Poultry; Mr. Bradſhaw, at the Golden Key under the Piazza at the Back of the Royal Exchange, Cornhill; and Mr. Hugh Roiſter, at the Sign of the Sun, a Haberdaſher of Small Wares, in Newgate-ſtreet.

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By a Gentleman *of the* Inner Temple.

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The only ſhort and infallible Cure

For that reigning Diſeaſe the SCURVY, and all Scorbutick Humours, tho' arrived to the higheſt and moſt inveterate Degree, of ever ſo many Years ſtanding, and that without any ſenſible Purgation or the leaſt Purging, which by an unaccountable Infatuation is generally adviſed, although always found rather to increaſe and confirm the Scurvy than cure it.

By the ſo much fam'd and moſt pleaſant Chymical DROPS

WHICH, without the leaſt Trouble or Confinement, or any Diſorder whatever, do at once hit at the true Cauſe of the Scurvy, and intirely deſtroy it, with all Scorbutick Humours and Effects, Root and Branch, ſo as never to return again, as many Thouſands of both Sexes have experienced; and as all who take them in 3 Days time will be convinced; for they almoſt inſtantly alter the morbid State of the Juices, purify the Blood, ſweeten all the Fluids, cleanſe them from Impurities, and directly clear the whole Habit from all Spots, Blotches, black or blue Marks, Itchings, foul Eruptions, or Breakings out, Weakneſs of the Limbs, languid Heavineſs of the whole Body, wandring Pains, Weakneſs of the Back, and all the vaſt Variety of Symptoms by which the Scurvy imitates and often lies concealed under the Appearance of the Rheumatiſm, and many other Diſtempers.

And for ſtrengthening the Stomach, immediately creating a good Appetite, cauſing a regular and eaſy Digeſtion of Food, and curing all windy Effects and Diſorders of the firſt Paſſages (whence proceed Head-achs, Vapours and other Indiſpoſitions) no Bitters nor other Medicine upon Earth can compare with them, inſomuch that beſides infallibly curing the Scurvy in all its Shapes and Appearances, they alſo aſſuredly and immediately cure the Green-ſickneſs, Virgins, Worms of all Kinds in young or old, and almoſt all other Chronick Diſeaſes, (which are chiefly occaſioned by Indigeſtion and flatulent Crudities in the Stomach and Bowels) and certainly prevent Fevers, Agues, and other acute Illneſſes.

They are wonderfully Cordial and Reſtorative, ſtrengthen and enliven the whole Machine, and aſſoon as taken, make the Pulſe pleaſantly Lighten, Brisk and Vigorous to admiration, and good for all Sorts of Perſons, to preſerve as well as to reſtore found and healthy State of Body.

But the great Reputation theſe ſomuch fam'd and pleaſant Chymical Drops have ſo univerſally gain'd among Perſons of Faſhion for their ſuddenly and infallibly curing the Scurvy and all Scorbutick Humours, and other Chronick Diſeaſes, in ſuch an eaſy and agreeable Manner, have occaſioned many to imitate them, ſo that under the ſame, and others under other Names: Be careful therefore not to be deceiv'd; but be ſure to have the Right, which is the Author's ſpecial Appointment, are to be had only at the Gentlewoman's, at the Two Blue Poſts, in Haydon-Yard, in the Minories, at 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions.

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